

Hopelessly Devoted by lilaestheticsnhope

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Summary:

Grease is an amazing film and if Sandy can fight past the ranks of unrequited love, maybe you can too. As the oldest Sinclair child, you found yourself in the craziness of the last Halloween, but things are different now, they are something close to normal. Now if only Steve Harrington would give you the time of day.

Hopelessly Devoted

Author's Note:

Just something I've been working on. I always see fanfics where the reader is Dustin's older sister and you know I have to pretend I'm adopted inside my head just to make it kind of make sense. So here's to being black and reading fanfics!

I sat in my bedroom holding a hairbrush as I sang my heart out. In times of sadness, I liked to sing a song that was relevant to my situation. It was cathartic to live my life like a musical if only for one night. So in my robe and silk nightgown, I let music narrate my unfortunate circumstance.

"But Now! There's nowhere to hide!" I let my body fall dramatically on my bed. My parents weren't home and my brother was out with Dustin and Steve fucking Harrington. Steve was the reason I was singing this sappy beautiful song. It had been months of being friends with him, a couple of months and I was, "hopelessly devoted!" to him. My god was it hopeless and just downright sad. Every time he looked at me my heart fluttered and if he called my name I thought I could feel the hand of God reaching down to pluck my soul from my body. Of course, I knew better. Steve was my friend and we only became friends because Lucas and Dustin were friends. With Hargrove driving around Steve didn't want Lucas biking after dark to the Wheeler's house. It was a friendship of convenience. Who else was he going to confide in about the things that went down last Halloween? Certainly not Nancy or Jonathan.

He was always there though, with his beautiful smile, and fluffy hair. The last thing I ever wanted to do was jeopardize this friendship we'd created. I would hold onto Steve until the end of time if he let me. I took a deep breath and let eight years of choir finally pay off for me. A beautiful singing voice hadn't made me high school royalty but people knew my name. Not many people had actually heard me sing, very few people actually went to choir concerts, but my last musical got them talking. I sometimes thought about serenading Steve. I would be his music box if he let me.

"Hopelessly devoted! To you!" I belted. Sure I was choir kid royalty but that was still kind of lame. Steve's old friends used to make fun of me for it. They'd call me canary, which I guess could have been nice except for the way they used it against me.

"Look at the songbird," Carol would coo and Tommy would cackle and ask to hear "the little canary sing."

I always got a sick feeling from those two, but if Steve was around they never did it, and I never knew why.

I stood up from the bed and strut towards my mirror, putting on more of a show, tangling my hands in my hair and shaking my hips as I swayed. I opened my eyes to sing the last Hopelessly Devoted to you, "Hopelessly Devoted to yo-AH!"

Steve stood in my doorway with all of the kids. Everyone's mouth hung open, except for Lucas. He smiled, used to walking in on me singing my heart out and indulging in dramatics. He was eating this up.

"Oh my god how long have you all been there?!" I yelled, my face felt so hot.

"Y/N! That was amazing!" Dustin yelled, snapping out of his shock first. The rest of the kids joined in with praise. I covered my face mortified that they caught me singing my feelings. Small soft hands touched my arm. I moved my hands to see El standing there.

"Pretty," she smiled.

"Thanks, El," I smiled back then leaned down and kissed her forehead. I looked up to address the rest of the group.

"I thought you were at Mike's," I addressed looking at the Wheeler boy that stood among them.

"Yeah, then Mrs. Wheeler had an argument with Mr. Wheeler and kinda kicked us out," Dustin explained.

"I said we could have our sleepover here. Girls can come in here with you and boys in the front." Lucas explained.

"I dunno." I was mortified that Steve not only caught me singing but I'm in my damn nightie goddammit. Granted as far as my pajamas go it definitely could have been worse. At least this was cute. I would have preferred looking sexy but cute is better than nothing. Speaking of Steve, I decided to hazard a glance at him and saw he was staring at me. Naturally, my eyes skipped away from him, back to the children's pleading faces. He probably thought I was a weirdo. At least the kids would still love me if I said yes.

"Alright, Lucas, but you gotta clean up what you mess up." I allowed, knowing very well that I would be cleaning in the morning. The kids cheered and ran off towards the front room. I couldn't help but smile at their happiness. They were relatively easy to please and either way, I loved their company. It took me a moment, since I was already actively avoiding looking at Steve, to notice that he was still standing there just looking at me.

"What?" I demanded, finally at my wit's end with his maddening stare.

"Huh? Oh nothing I just, " he finally closed his mouth then didn't finish his sentence. I groaned rubbing my hand down my face.

"I'm already embarrassed, please don't rub it in, Harrington."

"Why are you embarrassed? You sound amazing!" He looked incredulous as if I'd just insulted his hair.

"They don't call me canary for nothing," I joked, lamely. I'm sure he knew what Tommy and Carol said about me, even if they never did it when he was around. I suddenly got that sick flutter of anxiety in my stomach, the way I would when Tommy would crowd up in front of me and talk about making me "sing". Carol would be right beside him, parroting his taunts. I suppose I was waiting for Steve to remember, to do what his old friends did, to mock me for doing what I loved. I guess I thought if I beat him to the punch then he couldn't use it against me. He didn't smile at my attempt at a joke, to make light of the years of torment. Concern replaced the awe on his face.

"You're awesome, Y/N." He complimented more seriously than before. I couldn't look him in the eyes while he spoke. It was too real.

"Y/N," Max called, running to my door, "You could be a siren!"

"That's not an option!" Mike yelled.

"Then a music person."

"You mean a bard, and Dustin is already our Bard." Mike snapped.

"But she's perfect!"

"Y/N, play," El joined the duo who were caught up arguing. She came in and took my hand, dragging me to the front room where the board sat on the coffee table. As she sat down beside Will she pulled me down with her.

"I call for a friend. Y/N sings the monster away," El declared. Mike sat back down at the head of the table. I knew enough about their game to know El couldn't just call in a new person. It didn't matter though, Mike couldn't deny El anything she wanted.

"Roll for it," he sighed. El rolled the dodecahedron and rolled very high.

"Not only does Y/N sing the monsters away but word spreads of the fairest singer in all the land. They bring lots of gold just to hear her sing one note."

I laughed at his new facet of the story. El rested her head on my arm, Will soon did the same. After a while, I looked over and saw Dustin and Lucas using Steve as a pillow. He met my gaze with a soft smile. When the campaign ended the boys laid in the front room and the girls went into my bedroom. I went to the kitchen and cleaned up a bit. Steve followed me, sauntering over nonchalantly. There was silence despite his presence. I had an endless amount of things to say. Words kept bubbling up to my lips but I did not open my mouth. I did not let the words tumble out because if I did they would never stop coming and who knows what I might say. So, we stayed in silence, an uncomfortable silence with unspoken words just hanging in the air.

"Hey, Y/N," Steve called.

"Huh?"

"They were assholes, Carol and Tommy. They didn't care about anything so they made fun of other people for caring." He did know then. I dipped my head, feeling that anxiety again.

"Yeah...doesn't stop it from hurting," I grumbled despite myself. It was useless to have this conversation now. They weren't even friends anymore. What was Steve gonna do?

"I... I know. But if it helps, I really do like your singing."

"Yeah?" I lifted my head a little to look up at him. He seemed sincere. It didn't feel like he was gearing up for the punchline.

"Yeah," he smiled, "You're doing Broadway night this year, right?"

I nodded thinking about all the hard work I put into all the acts I was in and there was a lot. I was a hot commodity in the musical theatre world of Hawkins, Indiana. What can I say, I have good range. Broadway Night wasn't especially big or fancy but we were all passionate about it

"When is it?"

"December 10th," I rattled off without even thinking.

"I'll be there." He grabbed a dishtowel and began drying the dishes I washed. I couldn't help the smile on my face or the warm feeling in my stomach at his words.

December 10th

"Jonathan when we go down to the big light please don't forget to follow me," I explained as I stood by the spotlight. Jonathan always did lights in these things, he was the best at it. He followed directions well and we didn't have to worry about him drinking and falling asleep on the lights. He was also a really good backstage hand, but he hated doing that.

"When have I ever forgotten?" he rolled his eyes, "you're just nervous."

"Well, of course, I'm nervous. I'm doing five sets and Jessica isn't here yet which begs the question, how am I gonna do a duet with only myself?!"

"Oh, Jessica's mom said she had strep. Sorry, I meant to tell you sooner but I-" he rushed out.

"What?! Now, what am I gonna do? Dee needs that time to do costume changes and we can't bump up the next act because Michelle needs Dee's song to do her change-"

"I mean you know a lot of songs, right? I mean I know that those acts were your break time to watch the show... but what if you filled in? I'm sure people won't mind another Y/N solo."

"But the musicians don't-"

"They've got whole songbooks, come on let's look through them."

Jonathan was also a great asset because he thought well on his feet. He pulled me over to the set of music stands by the stage and we looked through the music. We flipped through a load of songs that I didn't know and just as more panic was beginning to set in I saw it. "I know this one."

"Hopelessly Devoted to You? I mean, you don't have a ballad," Jonathan looked down at me, waiting for my decision. I got enough practice singing in my room. I could do it.

"Fine, but you're gonna have to improv the lights."

"No problem. I can do that. You have to go tell Dee what's happening."

By showtime, I was so wound up I could scream. I went through the song with the band and all seemed relatively well. The guitarist kept playing a half beat too fast but after a couple hours of rehearsing, he seemed to have it together. Now I just stood backstage peeking out at the growing audience. I expected to see my family sitting up front but I didn't expect to see the rest of the party sitting beside them. Even

Joyce and Hopper were there quietly talking to one another. If they were here then...and there he was, Steve Harrington sitting in the front row dead center talking to Dustin, Will, and Lucas. They were huddled together talking amongst themselves. Steve was probably getting the rundown of the night. Dustin, Will, and Lucas were veterans to Broadway Night. Lucas and Will sort of had to come. Our parents made Lucas come along. Joyce usually worked late at the store so Jonathan always brought Will along, but I also think Will genuinely enjoyed the show, just like Dustin.

“Showtime, Y/N,” my choir/theatre teacher spoke to me. She smiled before walking out on stage. She gave her usual welcome speech then announced the first act. It was me. The spotlight was too bright for me to see anything so it made it possible to sing “Cabaret” and not absolutely die from mortification that Steve was watching me sing “Cabaret”.

The last belted note rang out of me and then the lights went down and it was like it always was. I was a well-oiled machine moving from the stage to backstage, helping the girls with mics and wardrobe, instructing the next people when to go on. I could only watch from backstage and listen, unable to take even a moment to go out into the audience and watch the other boys and girls shine like stars under the spotlights. Every now and again I’d sneak a peek at the first row. Steve was enjoying himself, a smile of amusement stayed on his face, even when the... weaker performances went up. Thankfully every time I was on stage the lights were much too bright to see. Then it was time for the last minute song. I let the band start up then walked in, wearing a nightgown. The lights were low and subdued, a marked difference from my previous performances. I could see the front row perfectly, which meant when I looked down at Steve I could see him looking right back at me. Instead of letting that freak me out, I let it fuel me. Not two weeks ago I was singing this song about Steve, now I would sing it to him... kind of. It would be weird if I just stared at him the whole time so I took glances. I took this as a chance to make it look like I was serenading the whole front row. For even measure, I knelt at the front of the stage just in front of Will and sang to him, reaching out a grasping hand to him. He grinned and reached out to me too. That little exchange got a good laugh from the audience so I slid down from the stage and sang to the audience. Because the spirit of Sandy was moving through me I

ended my song with Steve, playfully falling into his lap.

“Hopelessly devoted to you,” I sang quieter and more heartfelt than before caressing his face gently. Then I stood up as if it was all a show and bowed. The audience stood and clapped while I laughed a little at my own antics. The show went on without a hitch.

After the show was over I hurried out to greet my fans in the front row. The moment I came out I was almost tackled to the ground by the kids hugging me.

“That was so awesome, with the lights and the-” the kids rattled off things they liked all at once, meaning I only caught a couple of their compliments. They soon let me go and then there was just Steve.

“You were great up there,” he ran a hand through his hair as if he were nervous. I’ve never seen him look nervous before.

“Thanks, oh uh sorry about the, uh you know singing in your lap thing. I just got caught up in the moment I guess,” I was rambling. He was standing there listening to me ramble and boy did I go on and on and on.

“I thought it was cute,” he interrupted me. I thought for sure my heart was going to burst out of my chest. What was I supposed to say to that? He thinks I’m cute, I mean it’s not really what I was going for with Steve maybe heart-stoppingly gorgeous, or the reincarnation of love, but cute was a start.

“Oh my god, you two! Just french already,” Dustin’s distinctive voice yelled at us. I whirled around expecting to see my whole family right there listening to him say something like that but they were gone. I turned around to pose the question of where everyone went to Steve, only to find that he was much closer than before. I looked up at him confused.

“Y/N,” he murmured, as cool as ever. As if he wasn’t literally inhaling my exhale with how close he was.

“Uh huh.”

“I’m hopelessly in love with you,” he smirked. Oh that was a line. It

was so cheesy and I absolutely loved it. I raised up to my tippy toes closed the distance between us. The kiss only lasted a few seconds before Dustin was interrupting us again.

“It was a figure of speech! Lucas, your sister’s frenching Steve,” Dustin yelled.

“Shut up would you!” Steve snapped. I couldn’t help laughing as I turned to watch Dustin flip him off then run out the double doors. With him gone, Steve turned my face gently to look at his, “Now where were we.”

“You’re hopelessly in love with me,” I supplied, grinning a little.

“Right.” With all the drama I was accustomed to on stage, Steve dipped me and pressed another kiss to my mouth. I sent a silent thank you out to Olivia Newton-John.